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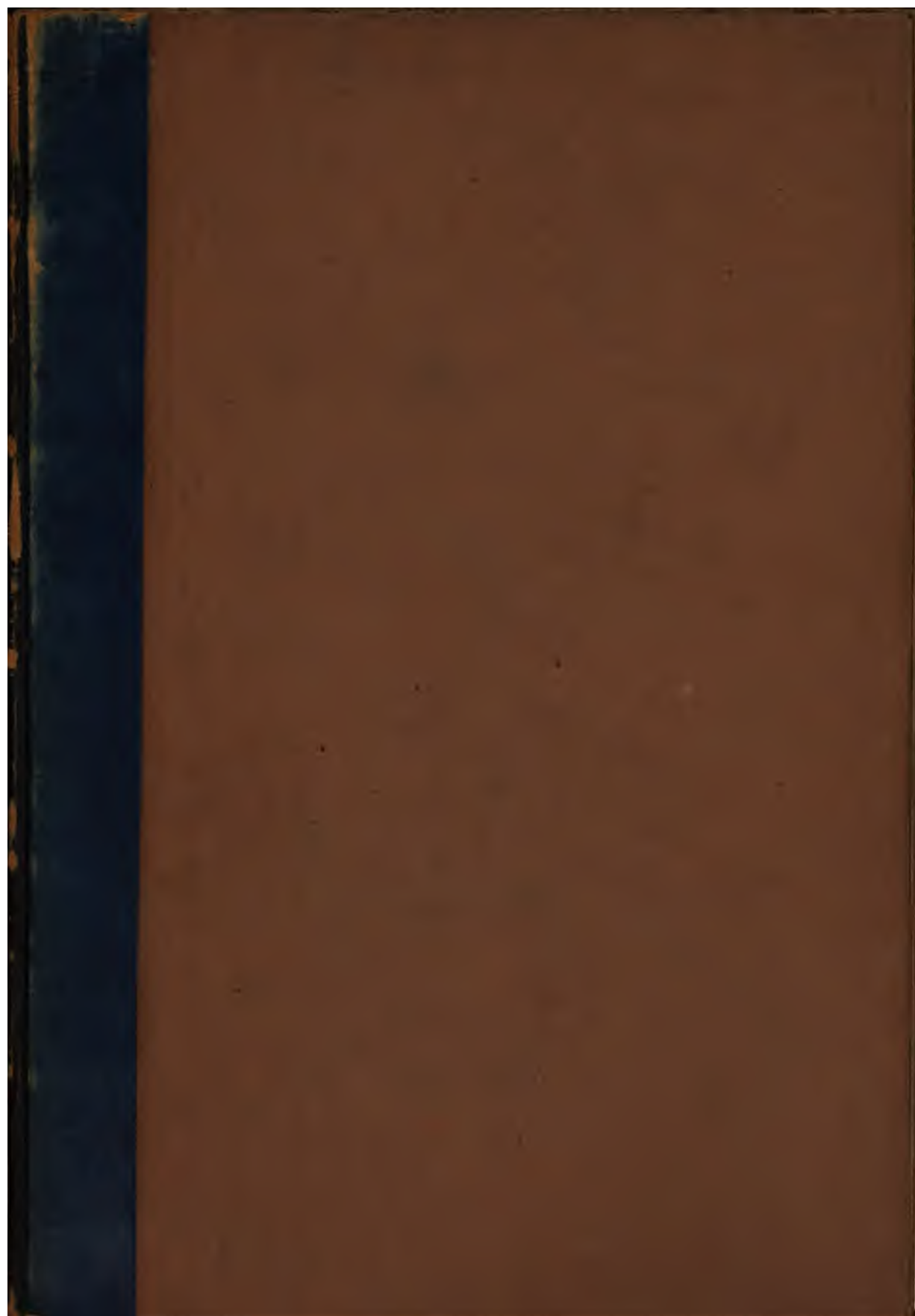
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RICORDO A SHAKESPEARE.



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF SHAKESPEARE'S TERCENTENARY BIRTH

50

SONNETS

BY

JAMES PINCHERLE

PRIVATE LINGUIST, AUTHOR OF THE „MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.“



TRIESTE

PRINTED BY THE AUST. LLOYD'S.

1864.

280. l. 6



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INTRODUCTION.

SONNET.

Thanks to my memoirs, my calling and Muse
In Sonnets I find a moral pastime;
Whilst some indulge in prose I write in rhyme,
As some choose to sing — some singing refuse.
But, Prose and Poetry are both of use
Love to Virtue show, scorn to ill and crime;
In Verses Ethics have a sound sublime,
Tho' their voice in prose is far more profuse;
In English, also, the word »muse« implies:
Do ponder, study, sing! a most fit sense,
Yet not beyond rule, number, measure, size,
To prolix prose in melody condense —
And a friendly link between these two lies,
As 'twixt the glasses' large and minor lense.

TRIESTE, April 15.th, 1863.

The Author.

ALLA MEMORIA
DI
GUGLIELMO SHAKESPEAR
GRANDE PROFONDO CONOSCITORE DEL CUORE UMANO
VATE E DRAMMATURGO SOMMO
GLORIA
DEL MONDO INTERO
RICORRENDO
IL 300.^{mo} ANNIVERSARIO DI SUA NASCITA
I SEGUENTI SAGGI POETICI
QUALE CULTORE DELL' ANGLICA FAVELLA
DA
QUESTA ESTREMA SPIAGGIA D' AUSONIA
IN SEGNO D' AMMIRAZIONE ED OMAGGIO
CON ANIMO TREPIDANTE E DEVOTO
UMILMENTE DEDICA

Trieste, nel 1863-64.

GIACOMO PINCHERLE.

I.

SONNET

Go approach thy Altar — sited so high —
Oft my mind receded, as too profane,
When Votaries, much holier and more nigh,
Swooned in ascending it, from efforts vain;
Having been yet banned, that: 'to all shall lie
Anon op'n the shrine of thy glory's reign,'
Kindly allow my heart to it may fly
Unraptured, and these Vows accept to deign:
Saint of Stratford and Westminster, relish
Peace in thy starry abode, that the feuds
Ambitt'ring mortals do pray God vanish
And soon cease, thy Light, too, they ne'er tarnish,
Radiant with celestial beatitudes
Echoed on Earth, for — thy Poems ravish!

JAMES PINCHERLE.

II.

THE MOON.

On beholding the Moon much magnified
I was seized with joy and melancholy,
My thoughts, first loose, into captivity
Hast'ly shrunk back whence they vaguely surmised;
For, having mountains, hills, valleys, espied
As with a glow tinged of Serenity —
'There is, shouted I in temerity,
The placid world for souls after expired!
When — a sterner voice prompted unto me:
Worm of worms! and how mayst thou unravel
The deepest of creation's mystery —
Death, the dwelling of Future, Destiny?
Instead mentally thus far to travel
Creep on Earth, pry and look — but into thee!

III.

THE GROTTO OF ADELSBERG.

Jealous of such gem — not to be engrav'n —
Is the dazzling aspect of this recess,
My mind ecstasied dares lowly express:
'If so grand beneath, what should then be Heaven?'
In lieu of entombed Time waxing craven,
Or in sore decay bewail past distress,
Lo! it chastily carved, in bright success
Of alabaster drops, a blissful hav'n,
Fairylike, to whirl imagination
And transport Art; a cosmic catacomb
Congealed for young Nature's recreation,
A haunt from the world's toil and vexation,
A tunnel for her Poetry — t'enwomb
The spell-bound gaze of many a Nation.

IV.

A LION.

I saw a Lion so ennobling strong
At rest, so dauntless, calm, yet powerful,
That not to have framed us after his rule
I almost Nature called partial and wrong.
Ah! that beside the gift sublime of tongue
Man could ne'er be of anything fearful,
As not for arms or help in need to long,
Nay, inspire but awe — from being awful;
Like him meanness ignore too, foul treason,
Lust for foreign climes, his own species' fight,
The polar scourge, the Bear's icy prison,
How happy then! — still happier if that might
And quiet he rendered by: mutual Reason
Based on humanity, justice and right!

V.

SPRING FLOWERS' SHOW.

A garland, fit to crown a candid brow,
Blent nicely with more flowers of the field
Than earth may from the art of gard'ning yield,
Has strangely touched my heart at this Spring's Show;
Though gasped the life of vain fragrance and glow
It looked so feelingly — yet from the weald,
As to ornament a heroine's shield,
Or consecrate a blest memory's vow:
Plain, pastoral-like as true Innocence,
To betoken it seemed Death's quite repose,
When been before trod with indifference,
So sadly eloquent without pretence!
That I devised in it — my sister **ROSE** —
A fair and tender stem last year pluck'd hence.

VI.

'INSOLVENT.'

»Introductions« ought t'be always rated
As letters of Exchange, by a friend's friend,
With prompt court'sey, be paid, ne'er abated
Of with evasive words — like a friend's fiend —
Cold, shy, rude as if he intimated:
»I have no funds for him that does you send,
»If he on my manners calculated
»Do borrow them of those who such goods lend»
Then proving he a fraudulent bankrupt
Of the mutual stock of all honest man —
A reception kind, instead of abrupt,
To a note's bearer from a gentleman —
On one like endorsed; well — when so corrupt
A Failure, let us blame it and soon ban!

VII.

SOLITUDE.

I sometime part with the world external
And find another living within me,
When people's ways seem to me infernal —
My speech escapes thence as a refugee,
To safely ponder, from my internal
Court, to what forfeit they liable be;
I vote: »To think there's not an Eternal,
And, never bear alone oneself to see«
For, the perverse man, when isolated,
Sees but-shadows of outraged and abused,
Hears but cries and voices desolated;
His hall to God's pity being obtused
His op'n hell is — to be concentrated:
Woe t'whom Solitude is a guest intruded!

VIII.

THE DRUNKARD.

A memorable picture to my soul :

In a dreary night of twelve winters past,
'Mid a snowy veil torn by Boreas'blast,
I overheard the lamb's bleat and wolf's howl:
It was a tott'ring ragged man, from wines foul,
Whose boy's knees to his leather belt clung fast,
His arms too round his neck as on a mast,
When shipwreck impends and seas-mountains growl.
The drunk'n workman eructed wild blasphemes,
While the poor creature cried with despair, »Pa
Pa! be good, do awaken of thy dreams!
Oh! where's mother? come to save us Mamma!
Help, help! we are lost, pa crushes my limbs!«
When — a voice resounded »Come'long, sirrah!«

IX.

PREVIDENCE IS PROVIDENCE.

How much harm on Earth might be averted —
Losses, wretchedness, and false steps be shun
If, one's mind should often be directed
To consequences, ere they had begun;
Shall our eyes be only well exerted
Planets, lands, to descry or the foe's gun,
And Foresight's telescope be inverted
As 'gainst emergency a-shore to run?
Sea-fared, in our own worldly experience,
Let's sound the gulf of Future with the line
Of tact and good sense, and in obedience
Sailing to the needle of Time's science —
Progress — we shall then steer by a divine
Breeze, tracking Providence in Providence.

X.

'SMOKED GLASSES.'

To see Life, Splendour eclipsed and dull grow,
Fade away beauty, richness and vain dress,
To look at maidens tanned, whose fair whiteness
Made them proud, their sigh'd for faces fallow -
Viewing proud men cast down, as by sorrow,
With a mien of remorse and dejectness,
Those minds, as can indulge in abstractness,
Is a doub'le sight opaque glasses endow.
How oft Falseness should not better deserve
To be looked at by the bountiful Sun!
Which might abscond in a total reserve
Himself, till that vile sin ceased to outrun
Truth, or yon dimness to it still conserve
That southern eyes, in Summer, do not shun.

XI.

DANTE.

I sat where thou satedst, prince of Poetry,
Round Arnolfo's Dome to hallow thy lays,
But had Florence ne'er viewed that sanctuary
Ev'n, thy Lyre was a temple in those days
Raised into thy own breast with symmetry
Most sublime, and illumed with the gilt rays
Of, what's the Sun of thy life's history:
Ghibeline Faith in thy tribulated ways —
A sage Citizen with high dignity
Of State distinct, ere, to the Guelfs kneeling,
Exiled, thou turnedst the Bard of Liberty,
An earthly Minos or Genius to sing
Men's pains, hopes, and joys, in thy 'Comedy
Divine' — a Lore, taught also by a King.

XII.

SOCRATES.

At Athens is shown the lurid prison
Wherein thou didst pour thy last libation,
That spread round it a gratification
One should now term: the banquet's of Reason;
Where thou propos'dst a toast in sensed vision:
»To the Soul's immaterialisation!«
Whence thine expired, for thy Court's salvation,
From the sin to cast on it derision,
And maintain, that all with us is finished,
When, our sensual cloggy machinery,
Apt for having but breathed and us nourished,
Stays its work, whilst thou a Divinity
Teaching, whose undying Spirit Earth fed,
Wast offered up for — Immortality.

XIII.

LAKE LEMAN.

A piece of melted sky, serenely blue,
Reflecting from its fresh, wavy smoothness,
Gentle heights, villas, and ferryboats' crew,
All smiling with grace and ingenuousness;
So tranquil pure and limpid as if new
Or the morn before created, harmless,
Without murmur, so juvenile and true,
To cause one's years desèrt and turn careless.
Rigid Mount Blanc himself, at this distance,
Appears like a playful, scaly, giant
Snow-mantled, and mask'd with the sun's radiance —
A scene simply grand: not much at variance
With the patriarchal habits regnant —
A Nymph of revery — to soothe grievance.

XIV.

M^{LL}₂ RACHEL.

I heard thee but once and could'nt rest that night,
So powerfully did act thy Phedre's part
On my senses, mostly, when her proud sight
Grows dim with her life's eminent depart,
Amidst the spasms of poison and broke heart;
Ah, how sublimely grand was thy death's fight,
Mayst thou've pined less at thy true end than Art,
Learnt from real Death, showed thee in that light!
Moulding thy queen's figure to agony,
Unto all admirers' tears and applause
Soon reviving, 'mong crowns, laurels, glory,
That Scene I now judge the self-elegy
And apotheosis of thy years' close —
Expired, thou livedst in Immortality.

XV.

BEWARE MOTHERS!

Beware, of him, who ever has a smile
On his rosy lips, or whose cheeks 'colour
Like camaleons' alters; there is guile
And mischief varnished, with a false ardour
Of prepossessing speech, to enamour
Old and young; his dress is in the best style
Cut and showy, his hands are all flavour,
His looks fraudolently chaste, his steps wile.
Most deep in the art of simulation,
Through flattery and sliness he gains ground,
Stealthingly like cats, to get admission
In your daughters' hearts — to whom suspicion,
Yet, may rouse on his apparently sound
Character and — unmask base Delusion!

XVI.

PHYSIOGNOMISTIC ITEMS.

Dress, like wealth, is, now a-days, erroneous
In hinting at man 's standard quality,
Not so his Face; for, there the assiduous
Scholar shall first note the luminary
Of one 's soul — the eye; its variety
Of sober, faint, warm light, or ambiguous
Glare, will soon reveal him iniquity,
Dulness, cunning, goodnes — all harmonious
With lines, size, and shape of lips, too, and nose,
And the voice's true strain — the heart 's echo,
In one combined his temper to expose;
Save rare exceptions, like that of Nero,
Whose bust, in London, did my study pose —
As he rather looks a benign hero!

XVII.

'MONEY IS ALL.'

Is Money a Goddess to be incensed,
Or the touchstone by which man to measure?
— Money is but raw mineral condensed,
Or some polished rag — a real treasure?
Can sincerely Virtue be then enhanced,
Where Money does enthral at its leisure
They, whom Fortune has not blindly dispensed
To, equally or worthier, her pleasure?
Richness of feelings, talents, pity, love,
Some knaves think to be — the pariahs of Gold,
To stand off, ne'er to rear their heads above —
How many, yet, has the blind Goddess drove
Out from her car, for be'ng thro' Money bold
And haughty, as, — doth Mammon rule or Jove?

XVIII.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CARDS.

Though a sad waste of our stolen image,
Sepulchred in Albums, hanged on pins,
In streets pilloried, 'tis yet the visage
Of Nature, whence its painter — Light — begins;
Thro' which may be seen any personage,
Without charges of steamers, railways, inns;
One can too the heart's tumult assuage —
By possessing her whom a rival wins!
A page of devotion for a lover,
To read the truthful lines of sentiment;
The eye's telegraph, as does discover
The vanished object of our soul's content,
A popular sight of all enthroned power;
Moderns' ghosts and shadows that — don't torment.

XIX.

FLORENCE.

When the reservedness of my heart does want
To be disclosed to a generous love,
My fancy conjures up, as't were, a dove,
To seek whose land's smile, me the Graces grant.
But, howsoever roundabout it pant
On such errand, it cannot trace a cove;
Thus, missing the branch wherefore it did rove,
Not a voice hearing that would it enchant,
Dismayed and lone it flutters back to me,
Who, still rememb 'ring a spot named Florènce,
The fair, the mistress of gentility,
Science, Arts, great deeds, and feelings intense,
In speech — the music to Philology —
I bid't start again and, a leaf peck thence.

XX.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

Twice stood I 'fore his earthly residue;
But think, when first shrined in a niche aside,
At the 'Invalides', I chastised my stride
In deeper awe, than, as I did it view,
Lowered into a splendid pit and wide —
For, there I could behold the very true
Bees' spangled Cloth, which since Saint Helen, grew
As the Prophet's carpet, or shroud of pride
And honour, his Family-Arms furnished
With his rocky abode for twenty years,
And four lustres more the Seine's sight relished,
Till his huge red Mausoleum was finished:
A glorious marble block, the Bier of biers
One must bow to, yet — that Cover's minished.

XXI.

TO HUMBOLDT.

Cyclopædical Octogenarian!
Thy »Cosmos« is the world's repertory:
Creation gained in thee a Librarian,
Moses, a comment of Cosmogony.
From Berlin, to the farthest barbarian
Tribe's deserts, t' illustrate Geography;
From Himalaya's Mounts to siberian
Steppes, to ascertain all Geology;
In concreteness of an information,
Spread now, throughout the world, in eight idioms,
Thy Work grew the best interpretation
Of Nature's mysteries and Earth's symptoms,
The fifth essence of Physics' relation —
Thou art a cosmos of the microcosms!

A MADAMA X.
CUI MORTE IMMATURA ORBAVA DEL QUINQUENNE SUO FIGLIO.

SONETTO.

Del diletto figliuol più non ti lice
Accarezzar l'inanellato crine!
Amante madre misera, infelice
Oh! quant'ebbe il tuo amor barbaro fine!

Ma quel dolor che dal tuo ciglio elice
Lagrima tante non avrà confine?
Al tuo bel core, la ragion non dice
Le arcane d'ubbidir leggi divine?

Torni letizia a rallegrarti il viso,
Più non mostrar molle di pianto il ciglio,
E sul labbro gentil rieda il sorriso.

Quando la morte ti rapiva un figlio,
La premiera tua patria, il paradiso,
Lo richiamava dal terrestre esiglio.

Londra.

S.

XXII.

(MY TRANSLATION.)

TO M^{RS} X —

BEREFT OF HER DARLING SON, 5 YEARS AGED.

The lock'd hair of the child, so much cherished,
Fate forbids you now to caress and plait,
Ah! poor Mother, a sore reward did 'wait
Your doting cares which would have him guerished.
But, if for Earth he is so soon perished,
Think, that towards Paradise he did bait
His wings, as, wont to move at Angels' gait,
His soul flew whereto — it was first nourished.
Shall then your eyes still melt away from grief,
Whilst he's abiding in far happier lands?
Does not your tender heart mind there's a Chief
Divine, whose mysterious laws and commands
All must obey? whence, do let the belief
Comfort you: that the boy lies in God's hands.

XXIII.

ON N.N'.s NUPTIALS.

Exulting sight! Religion's holy bond
Two gentle souls for ever twists and ties,
As the Angel of good to this gate flies —
All welfare spreading from Ether beyond.
Celestial Love, of love itself so fond,
With Hymen's candid wishes thus complies,
Infusing into Albert's touchèd eyes
A radiancy — the bride cannot abscond;
For, Ida's sweetly passionated heart
No more shall throb and pine afar from his:
Its sores soothes the hand that threw the dart.
May their days then flow as gaily as this,
Devoid of any rub that would them start
From earthly Paradise — domestic bliss!

XXIV.

ONE'S NAME.

Peter or Paul — one's name is but a chance,
Indifferent to sur subsequent deeds;
Either we choose it from the Bible's creeds,
The history of Greece, Italy, France,
Roman emperors' with a haughty glance,
Or from the humble runners of their steeds —
Alive men's facts is what Truth only heeds
Instead of titles through inheritance:
Charity to the poor without vain show,
Honourably deal at office, at home,
Equally look on all mortals below,
— In a Temple, a Mosque, or in a Dome
From birth taught to Divinity to bow —
Is what makes one's name be good and welcome.

XXV.

THE TOWER OF PISA.

Who shall guess why thy marble structure bends
With mock menace all visitors to crush?
Is it one to warn: 'At him who offends
God's majesty with pride I'll headlong push
As Babel's tower!', or is it an ambush,
Italian Art laid to foreign builders,
To silence disrespect — vain glory hush,
Who, humbly wonder why of sev'n wonders
This one, is, yet, an unexplained rebus?
— Eminently wrought for Marvels'readers —
While the pyramids' aim is now obvious,
As the crock'ry pagodes of Confucius,
Thy shape is such, that, the more one ponders
It, the more it looks grandly mysterious.

XXVI.

THE RHINE.

I felt a moment of true happiness,
The sole one as man can feel at childhood :
I was being lulled, by the tide's swiftness,
Off the Legends' spot, in a dreaming mood,
When Aurora's steeds — just to the harness —
Were as overrun by a Sisterhood,
A psalm singing with loveliest loveliness,
On board a steamboat, not far whence I stood.
The maids — a hundred — trimmed in white dresses,
With their eyes in rapture addressed to Heaven,
A flower in their hands, and golden tresses :
Meseemed, they were the Morn's enchantresses,
Fraught to charm they who from the banks are driv'n,
The Rhine's sirens rousing contentedness !

XXVII.

'A HELL'

His mouth convulsed, his look wild and haggard,
A trembling heart, one fist thrust in his hair,
The other his cards griping — a gambler
Awaits for the ray or bolt of hazard.
The dice is thrown — by fingers most unfair —
And pay he must, his honour else discard:
He counts all he has, or a fate unt'ward
His life stakes, to kill his shame and despair.
Family ties, pride, education, rank,
Are played with by the mad passion to play
High, (like jobbing) which to poverty sank
Many, disgorged too by the ocean's spray,
Who, oft winning, were lost by Fortune's prank.
— Right it's then for such a haunt »Hell« to say!

XXVIII.

A THIEF'S PUNISHMENT.

A thief crept into my rooms and stole me,
Whilst I was busied, some of my best coats;
Too quick to be seized, I only wish he
May, when put them on, find into shegoats
Their stuff returned, and gored by their horns be.
I to be robbed! whose pride is others' thoughts
Never to steal, nor *stolen* poetry
To write; should'nt he deserve like the wife Lot's
By those cattle have filed his scurvy face?
But — such metamorphosis can't follow —
Let then keen remorse be his sleep's preface,
Let him dream to-night unto deep sorrow,
How a cell may rob him of his young days —
How straight the thief's ways lead to the gallow'!

XXIX.

DANCING.

Dancing is poetry's rhythmic prom'nade,
Phantasy's gymnastics, love's gay fever,
The mind's galvanism, with quick'ning shiver
And tune startling, whence sprung the name 'Ballad'.
All Nature moves as in a serenade,
The moon waltzes with Earth round the Giver
Of daylight, stars quadrille, sea and river
Polk to and fro, up-down; as the cascade
Gallops rashly, like a youth's recklessness;
Butterflies carol, bears, wild men can dance,
And ardour, fun, worship ev'n, sprightliness,
From their feet's use draw in measured balance;
All might dance — except the Chinese ladies,
Poorly denied Terpsicore's elegance.

XXX.

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE.

On the night second of June, for this year,
The Moon was hid by our planet's shadow
In her fulness, seeming a fair widow,
Orbed of her bright one's sight, and to death near.
Her canopied fields, too, lost their gleam dear,
When, Earth's humbled form stooped round, at a slow
Pace, with a sad mien. red, bluish, sallow,
As for our world's strives it sued Heaven a tear;
I then saw from my home, as some by 've seen,
Two stars shoot from the Bear's constellation
Adjacent, and their precipitate sheen,
Gliding down straightly 'midst light's privation,
Made me fear them monitors of a scene
More fearful: good Heaven's indignation!

XXXI.

SINGING.

What, if one oft sung 'stead of plain speaking —
And thus uttered the heart's contrasted wants?
Were it not a thousand times more striking
To listen man to man's suppliant chants?
Is his voice merely for the ear's liking
To serve? would not its tameness move to grants
Perfidiousness; is it for assaulting,
Or men's slaughter, that in all breasts it pants
With unison; could it not benefit
Mankind by imposing, to its malice,
With choral notes that Sentiment did hit?
Oh! that singing were once the armistice
Between right and wrong; the parley to quit
Rude force; souls' temper — like Divine Service!

XXXII.

PARIS.

Sybil of fashion! — yet shone in a trice,
Gold-making activity, gay feeling,
Form thy aspect's glare, and thy sweat bread's spice.
In lore all substantial, else, the revelling
Bacchantes of the world, thou dost entice
And cause it be of thy dear love willing;
Thy grace, elegance, may bribe even vice;
With honeyed words, and respectful dealing
Visitors woo, however on th'alert,
Round whom thou artistically dost dance
With burning eyes of gaz and foliage girt,
To think themselves, at night, thrown in a trance —
And thy hotels, streets, gentle walks, Seine's skirt,
Thy soil's index bid: Splendour and Advance!

XXXIII.

MALIGNANCY.

Some spirits, entrenched in Contradiction,
With subtlety of cavillous talk
Aim at Virtue's straight but unsheltered walk;
Oft, out of Envy, with opposition
Cruelly to hurt its exhibition;
Or alarmed at, what they deem, Triumph's stalk
Of merit, lest their forts of mud and chalk
Fall underground, in false recognition
Gifted minds' timid advance, do hurl doubts
And malign words 'gainst those of their thought foes,
Who, unaware, place at one's lips no scouts,
— Pertness with pertness to confound and lose —
Or cover their expanse from such tongues' spouts:
Truth yet, tho' unarmed, wins at length A buse.

XXXIV.

NO AND NEVER.

No is a despotical tyrant's word,
 Never sounds as really more absolute;
 No, yet, the present cuts as with a sword,
 Never may, instead, grow less resolute.
No blights actual wishes and mars accord,
 Never can't e'er be alike destitute;
 No — for, hidden are the ways of the Lord,
 Never's future He oft doth best transmute.
No, says the atheist, God does 'nt exist;
 Never searching Him — makes one not find Him;
 No, too, eas'ly says the materialist;
Never's the past of the spiritualist;
 No is the dungeon of rationalism:
 Never's a terror, *no* a terrorist.

XXXV.

M^{RS} IDA PFEIFFER.

I met in Trieste at »Coen's library«,
That illustrious Traveller, querring a book;
From her storms'-beaten, sad, physiognomy,
I her mind, for much read in the world, took:
There was one firm, wide, purpose in her look;
Then, as she sat, meseemed — tranquillity
And rest — as they had her long since forsook,
She did relish from far journeying weary.
To my surprise, I later, learned her name,
Which I lief connect with Lady Esther
Stanhope's — their wanderings having a fame
Akin; — yea, I heard that voice which could tame
Savages, the brave I saw of the fair
Sex, who did match men's perils and fear shame!

XXXVI.

ABD-EL-KADER.

Resigned victim of Civilisation,
French warfare enforced on thy proud old race,
Thou leadst now a life of contemplation —
At peace with Man, thy tent is Heaven's face.
Inspired by the Kohran in succession
Of him, who taught fighting, and preached God's grace
To Ismaël, with an elevation —
Thy Land's conqu'rors would not conquer its space —
Thy words still echo' round mountains and plains,
'Midst the fiery horsemen of Saharah,
From all Algiers 'spires, in the daily strains:
'Allah! Bir Allah! Ihlil, Ihl Lo Lah!
It's Faith, then, thy heroic patience sustains —
In the virtuous retirement of Brussah.

XXXVII.

INDELICACY.

Oh, for Truth's words! yet — spoke with politeness,
Or writ with all due regard of dealing —
You can tell the gentleman's nobleness,
The measure of man's innermost feeling,
From his tongue or pen's total of kindness:
Envious and egotist ones, the yearning
Of Souls after light, with disobligedness
Do crush, while the good are frank but sparing.
Scrupulous delicacy, is the stamp,
Th'escutcheon of true aristocracy,
It's, good natured, generous persons' lamp,
Which shines in the saloon of Society
With a fair flame, not gloomed by the foul damp
Of low, dark, mining, Indelicacy.

XXXVIII.

LEIPSIC.

To sing a tradestown, not a residence,
With no great luxury or monument,
Brings some solid merit in evidence.
To make it conspicuous and attrahent.
Yes, it's the bazaar of Intelligence —
Which all over the world planted a tent;
It is knowledge's fabric of diligence,
The bee-hive o' study, the Mint for talent:
It is the cosmopolitan writer,
The literary pilgrimage to all,
A stronghold placed on — peaceful Press paper,
The, books-fair Babel, without disorder —
Old Wisdom's treasury, like Padua's hall,
Ceiled with Goethe, Herder, Klopstock, Schiller.

XXXIX.

PROFESSIONALS.

I did ramble a bit the world's around
And mark'd many things good, and many wrong;
I saw in some part rich people surround
Professors, and proud be to live among
Them, with deference kind, or else a throng
Brainless' dandies I found near them abound,
Gay parasites, that thinn'd their purses long;
— Studying but horses, or praising a hound —
Teachers, like Parents, and, too, Physicians
Our creditors are, since very boyhood
To life's term; then, with th' arithmeticians'
Rigidness, slightness or a haughty mood,
Their painstaking ought on the Elysians'
Ne'er be drawn — here let's count them Gratitude.

XL.

MOONSHINE.

With sweet melancholy tinges Moonshine
Nature and night; an endearing stillness
In one's soul it reflects as on the brine,
When resting in its silvery calmness.
A quiet — tho' — which, to that element twine,
May soon surge with strong passionate fondness,
Sinking, even as crafts to the sand's mine,
From its surface, the mind's eye passiveness;
To merge in a flood of idealism,
And the fair visions of the heart's romance,
A help for sighing to its dear sophism
Lest it be wrecked in a lonely expanse
Of feelings, and lose sight of the world's prism —
Oh! Cynthia lights either bliss or penance.

XLI.

SUNSET.

The Sun's orb, to fall nigh, with a red blaze
This panoramic place of Trieste dyes
From the sea; like a fainting hero's gaze,
With twofold expression hails it and eyes —
Ere, senseless dropping inside Adria's glaze;
Which, the bright sky, with a gilt border ties
Of dark violet streaks, and clouds does raise,
In grotesque shapes, from the town's breath that vies
Thereto be gathered. Till, as a fair bride,
Who at her beau's depart grows sad and wan,
The Atmosphere will in a vague tinct slide —
Into its day's agony, as yet, can
Feeling breasts to a sense of rev'ry guide
Indefinite — a twilight into Man!

XLII.

MIRAMAR.

There is a princely spot styled »Miramar«
Which, from Trieste gulf's creek boundary
As by a magic wand, a Scenery
Of beauty turned ; a Castle, not of war,
Shot up ; where slept, many a century,
Nature petrified, bloom now, from afar
Zones, rare plants to vie with the familiar
Ones of the transformed soil ; some statuary
Classic's bronze, as to befriend the tourist,
Ornaments a noble park ; old sculptures
Lie under perfumed groves, which the artist
Reveres into man's genius that, treasures,
Hewed out the rock — like this oasis'midst
It and the waves carved. — Folks', too, feast-leisures.

XLIII.

SWIMMING.

Asleep, I saw one protending her arms
As she embraced immensity; her feet
Spurned with disdainful grace and the wind's fleet
The waves, as she'd dropt from nobler realms.
Her gold swinging hair, swanslike neck, were charms
As one may hap in Angels' pictures meet
— Wrapt up, in lieu of clouds, with a blue sheet —
Which, in wafted folds, signals of alarms
Seemed, to tardiness and smoothness given,
To clear off her path, and follow her suit
Of pearly ripples, that she soon be driv'n
By her most beauteous ship to an isle, Heaven
Assigned to her, fins by her wings to put:
The Ocean too with Beauties to enliv'n!

XLIV.

WINKELMANN'S TOMB.

Fatality, woven by Fate, would so! —
The hero of Archeology died
By a robber's hand, he took as his guide
On the road, b'lieving him, from his tongue's flow,
As fair as his own soul. Trieste's sorrow,
As the studied world's, at the homicide
Of Germany's living Museum and pride
(Committed by a foreigner outlaw)
Was not effaced with the rack'd culprit's blood;
For, to record it, the Town has granted
A Court of Roman stones left by time's flood:
They, near San Giusto's Dome, as enchanted
Of their Lover's figure stand, with soft clod
Of verdure hemmed — 'bout his Urn unhaunted.

XLV.

TORTURE.

Kind reader! who's more cruel than the one,
That, coiled in a selfish postal silence,
Leaves letters unanswered 'cause he not won
By them enough, or to spare the expense
And trouble of exchanging reverence
— In duty bound, as, too, by hats' touch shown, —
Between civil men, to whom convenience
Does not mean that of the pocket alone?
How wicked of such, with a cynism dry,
Like Damocle's sabre keep in suspense,
With their hard or rusty pens, those who sigh
After their lines in vain: a gross offence,
A sort of torture, of ages gone by,
To let minds fret themselves with expectance!

XLVI.

A GOVERNESS.

I met in France with an accomplished maid —
So kind-looking, from her uncommon face,
That I then to myself earnestly said:
How very pale and sick seems Europe's race!
She was a free Creole, spending her days
In the tu'tion of two boys, with them prayed
She to God all mornings, a governess,
Indeed, to shame, too, many white portrayed.
She was all attachment, family, heart,
And even a lovely creature; beauteous —
For her velvet-like eyes, and teeth by Art
Not remplaced, her regular traits lustrous
By Nature; plainly dressed to vain girls start —
Oh! Heaven to all colours can be gracious.

XLVII.

LIFE'S RACE.

Out of a hundred ships, bound to a port,
Some, instead to reach it, do naufragate;
Still, we see the most part favoured by sort:
Thus, spite of Evil's crags, and Mischief's strait,
Good, having the burthen, good's to import,
Never can capsize, tho' it may come late
— From striking against them, damaged and hurt —
Safely in Weal's road, to cast anchor yet,
And be repaired — while some lurked for its wreck,
In malign obscurancy, like pirates,
On it to fall, and, with greediness, break
Or cut asunder the solemn dictates
Of duty and conscience, for fear to lack
A rich prize — tho' surfeit oft suffocates.

XLVIII.

LOVE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A lady 'gainst, my hotel's window, near,
Unsealed a letter to a pale faced maid,
Who lately lost, I heard, her parent dear,
And that therein must have his last words said.
For I saw her eyes shed many a tear,
Which, untaught that in front a witness staid,
Dropt down like pearls, with no restraint and fear:
There — that page at her lips, sobbing, she laid —
Her grievous soul with her visage vying,
To prove the affection to him she bore —
I, savouring her tears, checked not sighing
Myself, as Fate my heart bled too, and tore
Sorely — and a love is felt at crying,
Thus, and mourning — one's dead cannot ignore!

XLIX.

TELEGRAPHS.

Not quiet for stockjobbers' upstart grandeur
Can, only, min'ster the wires' telegraph,
If words reached the swiftness of a Seraph —
It's for a humaner sake of splendour.
It is not bankers', or trade's Caligraph
And Time but to spare, their fled offender
Invisibly to stay, the newsvender
T' enrich with mankind's abridged epitaph
Of the slain or martyrs, God inspired man
With a new instantaneous tongue between
The two hemispheres, unheard, speak to can —
No — it 'll grow Reason's Oracle to scan
And dissuade War — a Peace-loaded machine:
Alas! broke, on the side American.

L.

CONCLUDING SONNET.

Here I pause — ignoring the reception,
These first Essays, composed within two moons,
Will meet with the public estimation
England's, and the States' — should Critics lampoons
Retort them with — a sour retribution
For my trouble — in Circles, in Saloons,
To be deterred? — though it's cultivation
Of my english young Muse — traveling's drawn boons
Of compared notes t' expose — love to Shakespeare —
Some felt or b'lieved Truths, that cause me to wait
On Readers, not vain pride, to domineer
From Mount Parnassus — I as volunteer
Have but climbed it up, with no claim and rate: —
Who, if erred, erred — to grow a »*Sonnetteer*!«

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AD

ALIGHIERI IL GRANDE

FIRENZE

OMAI CONCORDE UN MARMO SUPERBO ELEVA

E

VI SOTTERRA IL DI LEI LUNGO PENTIRE

SULLA TOMBA DI RAVENNA UMÌLE

COME ECCELSA

DAL VAGO GIARDIN D'ITALIA IL GAUDIO

DEL CIELO

ORA FESTOSO SPLENDE

SPIRTO GENTIL DI BYRON

A

DANTE SÌ DEVOTO

DEH L' ESILE MIA CETRA NELL' ESULTAR RAFFORZA

PATROCINA.

Trieste 1865.

GIACOMO PINCHERLE.

280. l. 6.

LI.

S O N N E T.

Denizens of the Muses' soil appear!
And collect around Santa Croce's square —
No more factious losses to mourn, or hear
The harangues of war — but to be aware,
Exultingly, how sprung at last the year
And Day of Jubilee. The blush to spare,
Lenient Progress now whitens, not to rear,
In days forlorn, an expiatory, rare
Gravestone to Him, whose songs all the world lores,
Has Florence ye summoned, festively attired,
In this pile to bury her old remorse:
Exult Nations! „Dante redressed“ be lyred:
Ravenna's low tomb, tho' rich with discourse,
In value grows, from such repair acquired.

May, 1865.

James Pincherle.



LII.

TO MY FATHER.

When thou, phantom-like, in my sleep appearest,
And thy benignant look surpriseth my soul,
When thy pure lips my impure ones have kist,
Dost thou purposely move to soothe its dole?

Is it because thou my mute complaint hearest,
Thy venerable face flies me to console,
Is it because its truthfulness thou seest,
That thou kindly leapt Mortality's pole?

— Thy beloved son's heart to appease and quiet
From its revolt against low selfishness,
Envy, pride, that do all high feelings slight,

Or the mind's fruits, doomed to wither and blight
In default of return — but their distress
Thank thee, Father, null grows at thy blessed sight.

I.

SONETTO DI DANTE.

A ciascun'alma presa, e gentil core,
Nel cui còspetto viene il dir presente,
In ciò che mi riscrivan suo parvente,
Salute in lor Signor, cioè Amore.

Già eran quasi ch'atterzate l'ore
Del tempo ch'ogni stella è più lucente
Quando m' apparve Amor subitamente,
Cui essenza membrar mi dà orrore.

Allegro mi sembrava Amor, tenendo
Mio core in mano, e nelle braccia avea
Madonna, involta in un drappo dormendo.

Poi la svegliava, e d'esto core ardendo
Lei paventosa umilmente pascea;
Appresso gir lo ne vedea piangendo.

LIII.

(MY TRANSLATION).

Unto each soul enamoured and kind heart,
'Fore whose aspect the present sayings go,
That an endorsèd meaning I may know,
Their lord's blessings I wish, that is, Love's part.

The hours had almost of two thirds waned low
Since every star doth more flashes dart,
When of a sudd'n on me I saw Love start,
Whose shape to remember strikes me with awe.

Gleeful to be, meseemed Cupid, holding
My heart in his hand, and on his arms, wrapt
In a cloth, he held my Lady sleeping.

He then roused her, and in this heart glowing
She, affrighted, meekly indulged and lapt;
After, I saw him thence move on crying.

LXXIX.

D A N T E.

Se 'l bello aspetto non mi fosse tolto
Di quella Donna, ch'io veder disiro,
Per cui dolente quì piango e sospiro
Così lontan dal suo leggiadro volto,
Ciò che mi grava e che mi pesa molto,
E che mi fa sentir crudel martiro
In guisa tal, che appena in vita spiro,
Com' uomo quasi di speranza sciolto,
Mi saria leve e senza alcuno affanno;
Ma per ch'io non la veggio, com'io soglio,
Amor m'affligge, ond'io prendo cordoglio,
E sì d'ogni conforto mi dispoglio,
Che tutte cose, ch'altrui piacer dànno,
Mi son moleste, e'l contrario mi fanno.

LIV.

(MY TRANSLATION).

Did not from my sight abscond the visage
Of that fair woman I do long to eye,
Wherefore I dolefully here weep and sigh
So far from her sweet and handsome image,
What on me as a heavy load doth lie,
— Causing me to feel a pain most savage
So that, my life hardly is in salvage,
As men's whom hope rescinds but their last tie —
Lightsome would it prove, my grief too depart;
But since, as wonted, I cannot her see
Love doth afflict me — it sorrows my heart,
Of any comforts thus to divest me,
That all things, which to others joy impart,
I find annoying, and reversed to be.

LXV.

D A N T E.

Due donne in cima della mente mia
Venute sono a ragionar d'amore ;
L'una ha in sè cortesia e valore,
Prudenza ed onestate in compagnia.

L'altra ha bellezza e vaga leggiadria,
E adorna gentilezza le fa onore,
Ed io, mercè del dolce mio signore,
Stommene a piè della lor signoria.

Parlan bellezza e virtù allo 'ntelletto,
E fan question, come un cuor puote stare
Infrà due donne con amor perfetto :

Risponde il fonte del gentil parlare,
Che amar si può bellezza per diletto,
E amar puossi virtù per alto oprare.

LV.

(MY TRANSLATION).

Two women presiding over my mind
Are come on the task of love to debate;
One to her court'sy and valour did bind
Prudence and honesty, her most fair mate.

Th'other has beauty with graceness entwined,
Adorned gentleness her honour and rate,
While I, thanks to my sweet sire, do me find
At the the feet of their ladyships prostrate.

To th'intellect Beauty and Virtue say
And question, how a heart may lie recessed
Within two women in love's perfect way:

The source, quoth, whence issue all accents blessed,
For the joy it gives, Beauty love you may,
Virtue too, for the grandeur in't expressed.

P E T R A R C A.

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole,
Talchè di rimembrar mi giova, e dole;
Che quant' io miro, par sogni, ombre e fumi:
E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi
C' hanno fatto mille volte invidia al sole:
Ed udì sospirando dir parole
Che farlan gir i monti, e star i fiumi.
Amor, senno, valor, pietate e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
D' ogni altro che nel mondo udir si soglia:
Ed era 'l Cielo all' armonia sì 'ntento,
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia,
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l' aere, e 'l vento.

LVI.

(MY TRANSLATION).

I met on earth with angels' forms, so true
Beauties from Heaven dropped — the only ones —
That I feel in rememb'ring — joy and woe;
What I now glance vapours seem and visions.

And tears those two fair lights I saw bedew,
Lights, by the sun in thousand occasions
Envied. And rivers almost staid, mounts flew
When she uttered words — to stringed vibrations

Equal, which I have caught too but sighing —
Love, wit, valour, pity, pain, would so sound
Sweetly on her whining chord, that nothing

On earth may like harmonious tunes propound:
Winds, leaves stirred not, for those Heav'n was listening
To, air self with such softness did abound.

PETRARCA.

Amor, Fortuna, e la mia mente schiva
Di quel che vede e nel passato volta,
M'affliggon sì, ch'io porto alcuna volta
Invidia a quei, che son sull'altra riva.

Amor mi strugge'l cor; Fortuna il priva
D'ogni conforto, onde la mente stolta
S'adira, e piange; e così in pena molta
Sempre convien che combattendo viva.

Nè spero, i dolci dì tornino in dietro;
Ma pur di male in peggio quel ch'avanza:
E di mio corso ho già passato il mezzo.

Lasso! non di diamante ma d'un vetro
Veggio di man cadermi ogni speranza,
E tutt' i miei pensier romper nel mezzo.

LVII.

(MY TRANSLATION.)

Fortune, Love, my spirit also loathing
All what it views, and to the past addressed,
Thus afflict me, oft to cause me envying
They, who to the opposite shore have passed.

Love my heart torments, yea, all comforting
Fortune it denies, whence my mind distressed,
In wanton rage and tears' sore suffering,
Dooms me to live amid struggles oppressed.

Nor hope I again the sweet days to see,
But from evil to worse those which advance:
Half of my life's race already did flee.

Ah! not diamond's but glass-framed I glance
From my heart drop down ev'ry hope and glee,
All my thoughts break asunder, go askance.

LVIII.

METASTASIO XXI.

(MY TRANSLATION.)

Since the first day that from the eternal
Mechanic's hands sprung forth this earthly mould,
Envy arose, and from ire, fraternal
Blood, the fresh sun saw, fuming and turn cold.

Spread's the plague, its mischief so infernal
Broods at ours too, for, 'stead to be consoled
At others' gifts, all feel an internal
Pang, as somebody did scorn them or scold.

But when thou, on thy predecessors' track,
Dost gather the prize of truthful merit
How ontbeat'n Envy lies then clothed with sack!

Do the Art then how to dumb her and crack
The world teach, crost Virtue- will inherit
From thy wise rules her peace no more to lack.

LIX.

AT SYDENHAM'S.

British hands have framed this crystal Eden
For the joy of mankind, progress, and arts,
Where but ill should be banished or forbid'n,
Yet the Good of the earth shine — from all parts
Brought, by the iron caravans that quick'n
Distances, peop'le to fraternize and hearts,
Them tender the ripe~~ned~~ fruit whence 'stead to sick'n,
Like the fatal tree's, a wholesome juice starts:
The world's Knowledge, a food — life to sustain;
The east, south, west, north, pleasingly combined;
A map to study all what they contain
Of old, curious, useful, grand and refined;
A social fabric, work's zeal to maintain —
A Garden by serpents' bile not maligned.

LX.

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

LA VENERE DEI MEDICI.

Before this noble profile my soul's seized
First with awe; th'ideal type of Beauty,
As of fair piteous Truth in nudity,
Meseems in her barr'n candour realized.

Then, her charming shape, by such dignity
Controlled, quotes: Honesty with esteem prized,
While her brow's fond languid air of rev'ry
Owns: I'd fain myself be by Love enticed.

Still, so musingly chaste, as to inspire
But esthetic senses, oh, soaring Art
Phidiae's, it was thy sole aim, hers desire.

Is'nt this a meteor-stone, with the fire
Of Heaven's purity, chiselled to start
One's mind from Meanness or Guile's daub'd attire?

Trieste 1865. — Printed by the Aust. Lloyd's.

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